

Olivet Nazarene University

Digital Commons @ Olivet

Other Sheep

Church of the Nazarene

8-1-1953

The Other Sheep Volume 40 Number 08

Remiss Rehfeldt (Editor)
Church of the Nazarene

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/cotn_os



Part of the [Christian Denominations and Sects Commons](#), [Christianity Commons](#), [History of Christianity Commons](#), [Missions and World Christianity Commons](#), and the [Practical Theology Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Rehfeldt (Editor), Remiss, "The Other Sheep Volume 40 Number 08" (1953). *Other Sheep*. 60.
https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/cotn_os/60

This Journal Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Church of the Nazarene at Digital Commons @ Olivet. It has been accepted for inclusion in Other Sheep by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Olivet. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@olivet.edu.

The Other Sheep

God's Harvest—How Soon?

"And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle.

"And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

—Rev. 14:14-15

August 1953

Missionary Incentives

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

PETER AND JOHN were standing before the judges of the ecclesiastical court. They had been to church, where they found a lame man asking alms. Peter had said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk" (Acts 3:6). As a result, they were held to appear before this court. In our imagination we hear Peter speaking: "If we this day be examined (as criminals) for a good deed done to this impotent man; if we are put to the question by what means he is made whole, be it known unto you all that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, even by Him doth this man stand before you whole. That precious, powerful, prevailing name which is above every name and in which there is salvation for every man was the secret of this victory."

Jesus Christ is the world's Saviour. He came into this world for a definite purpose, a purpose so significant that He was willing to die for its accomplishment. Knowing that the price was rejection, humiliation, shame, and death, He came into the world in order to become the Saviour of men. He lived, died, rose again, secured our salvation by defeating sin and death and is therefore qualified as the world's *only* Saviour.

Jesus Christ is an all-sufficient Saviour. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him" (Heb. 7:25). There are none too good not to need Him, and none too vile but can have Him. There is in Jesus Christ a divine supply adequate for the needs of the whole world. In Him there is no inadequacy. He invites all to come and drink of the water of life freely.

Jesus Christ is the only sufficient Saviour. His Church must continually and persistently press the claims of the gospel. Men must know His power to redeem. Ethical systems cannot save. Human ideas fall far short. Jesus Christ is the hope of the world. Missionary work is therefore important because it takes the matchless name, Jesus, to all men.

The Other Sheep

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring (John 10:16).

A Monthly Journal Devoted to the Foreign Missionary Interests of the Church of the Nazarene
Remiss Rehfeldt, D.D., Editor; C. Warren Jones, D.D., Contributing Editor; Miriam Park, Office Editor

Volume 40

August, 1953

Number 8

Piercing the Darkness

AN AGED heathen man sat under a large tree behind the dispensary at Stegi, Swaziland. The medical work had just begun for the day. How much of the night had been spent under the tree is unknown. However, it was immediately apparent that this wasn't his first visit. The comparatively clean white bandage which covered his head stood out in marked contrast to his heathen garb. It was the morning of November 12, 1952. We were visiting the Stegi station for the purpose of studying the Bible school location, but could not fail to recognize the value of the medical work. The old man had been in a beer drink so common to the untouched heathen. The knobkerrie of some angry man had fractured his skull. Poor darkened man! And yet, that experience necessitated many trips to the dispensary, where he heard the singing and witnessing of our missionaries and national Christians. He received a fine message and a warm handclasp on the morning of November 12. Many others were present, but this old man was most impressive. The darkness is deep, but gospel light is penetrating.

Six days later we visited the Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital approximately three hundred miles north in the eastern Transvaal of the Union of South Africa. It was on November 18 that we crossed Bushbuck Ridge of the Drakensburg Mountains to Acornhoek. Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Jones, Mrs. D. B. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Singleton, and Miss Bradshaw were stationed there. In the near future Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stark will relieve Dr. and Mrs. Jones for a furlough.

The history of this hospital is as follows: "When an opportunity presented in 1937 to start work at Acornhoek, it was decided to dismantle the Ethel Lucas Memorial Dispensary at Cottondale and re-erect it at the new site six miles or more away. In those days the nearest doctor was over the mountains sixty-odd miles away with telephone communication only from the trading store-

cum-post-office during store hours, and since emergencies had a habit of arriving at the week ends there were some exciting times.

"In 1942 Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Jones took over this growing work.

"It is hard to find the original buildings now—so altered and extended is the present hospital through the enterprise and skilled service of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones. District clinics were started, an ambulance was prayed into being, training of native nurses was commenced, and the work was handed over in a flourishing condition in 1947 to their brother, our mission doctor, T. Harold Jones.

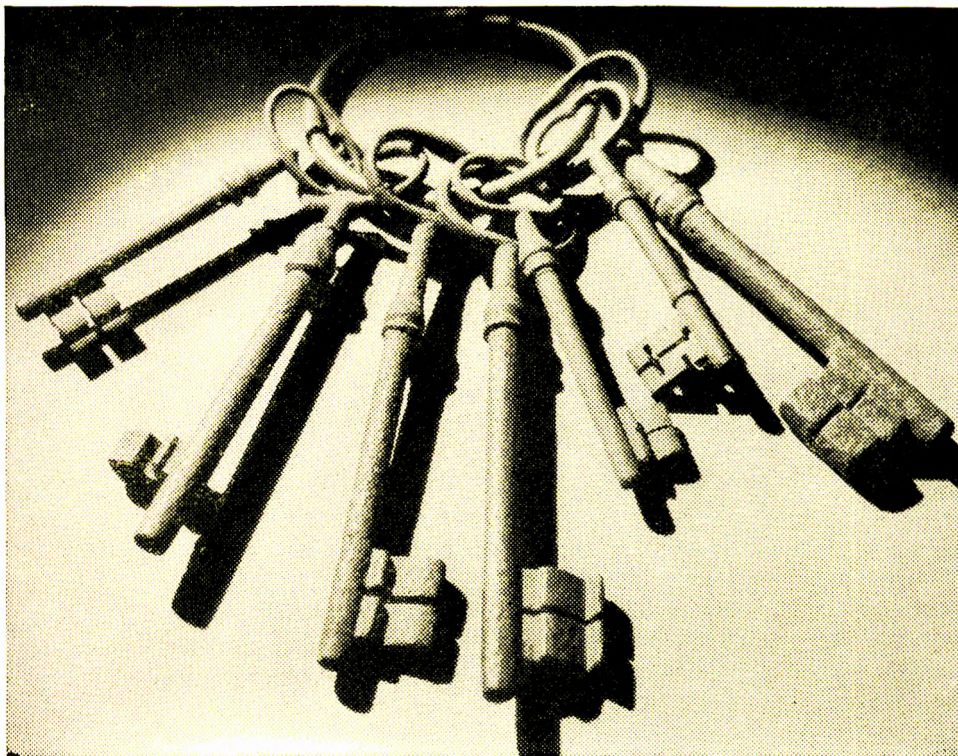
"Under his care the work is being yet further extended and last year's (1950) returns show 1,061 inpatients treated, 8,752 outpatient attendances."

The various departments of this mission hospital, where 14,000 inpatients and outpatients were treated during 1951 with only one doctor and two missionary nurses to supervise and train native nurses in addition to caring for the patients, were packed to capacity but well organized and efficient.

We visited the men's ward on the left of a U-shaped court and the women's ward on the right. After leaving the latter, we discovered an old heathen woman sitting on the shady side of the building. (The thermometer stood at 130°.) She told Brother Esselstyn she was very sick, and we could see from the many "pads" of "medicine" hanging about her neck, tied around her waist and ankles, and done up in her hair that she had visited the witch doctor many times.

Upon request she surrendered momentarily numerous charms and "medicines" about her neck. "I would not take these nor keep them to show," said Brother Esselstyn. "These people are tormented by the demons unless they are burned." Poor benighted woman! Troubled by demonism and bound by witchcraft! How happy

(Continued on page 4)



Which key will open the door to security? Annuities written by the General Board can do that and more, too. They are for you a safe investment and at the same time they open the door to the gospel for many others. For yourself you open the door to the security of regular payments and provision for later years. For others you open the door to salvation, education, or whatever you wish to designate.

Clip and mail

I would like to invest \$_____ in a General Board Annuity.

Please send information.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

BIRTH DATE _____

Send to: John Stockton, General Treasurer
2940 Troost Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri



Strangers Scattered Abroad

By C. Warren Jones, D.D.

GOD'S PEOPLE, regardless of where they live, are strangers in the earth. Their having

lived in a certain city or state all of their lives does not change the fact. A stranger is anyone who is unknown, one who is not a part of society. Many times he is looked upon as a foreigner, one who belongs to another country. His conduct, dress, and way of life mark him as one who does not really *belong* to the country. He may live *in* the land but he is not a *part* of it. He seems unable to fit into the social framework.

Abraham and his descendants were considered strangers in the land of Canaan by the inhabitants of the land. Joseph, Mary, and the Baby Jesus were strangers in Egypt. Later the Israelites were strangers in the same land. After they had been in Egypt four hundred years, they still were not citizens. Rather, they were slaves and strangers in a strange land. They were never made citizens and given the right of franchise. They were endured by the Egyptians and allowed to remain because of the financial gain to the government.

When people join the family of God, they automatically become strangers in the land. Sometimes they are not wanted. This is especially true in countries where the Christians form a small minority group. They are not wanted and are looked upon as a menacing problem. They are strange people: a minority group that does not fit into the social and religious life of the country. This condition has always existed. The disciples and those who made up the Early Church were looked upon as strangers and aliens. They were a thorn in the flesh. They were not welcome in the synagogues and in the temples. They were persecuted and tormented. They had to resort to the caves and the out-of-the-way places. In Rome in the days of the Caesars, the Christians filled the catacombs. They were thrown to the wild beasts. With many of them Rome was their birthplace and yet they were strangers. Paul arrived in Rome. He was a Roman citizen by birth, and yet he was a stranger in a strange land. We can be citizens of a country by birth and yet be branded as strangers.

In a sense, we accept the allegation. We are strangers. This old world, though we live in it for a time, is not our home. With so much sin, we

do not feel at home. We cannot subscribe to the normal way of life. We are out of joint with the social and general religious conditions. We are strangers. We notice that Peter in his first epistle addressed himself to the Christians as strangers in various lands.

Not only were they strangers, but they were scattered. This became the plan immediately following Pentecost. The disciples were scattered and the laymen of the Early Church went everywhere preaching the gospel. In the very beginning they became a scattered people. It has been true ever since. God has wanted to keep His people scattered.

As a church we are following the same plan.

We do not believe in large churches, and one proof is that we have so few large churches and so many small churches. Some deplore the fact of so many small churches. Personally we wish that all of them could become larger, but we will never be able to tell how much good has been accomplished in our small churches. Some of our large churches have swarmed and others should swarm. Several medium-sized churches will do more and prove a greater blessing than one large church, no matter how large that church may be. We must see to it that our people are kept scattered.

We follow the same plan on our foreign fields. We want more fields and on these fields we want more outstations and more branch Sunday schools. Every time we open a new preaching place, we have another lighthouse from which gospel light can shine. The tendency with men is to unite and concentrate and build something pretentious. God desires that people hear the gospel and He is anxious that His people go everywhere, to the lanes, to the highways, to the street corners, to the private homes, and to the chapels, so that many shall hear and believe and become followers of Jesus Christ.

Published monthly by the General Board of the Church of the Nazarene, 2923 Troost Ave., Box 527, Kansas City 41, Mo. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter, July 29, 1913, at the post office at Kansas City, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 19, 1918. Subscription price, mailed singly, 50c a year in advance; ten or more copies to one address, 40c a year for each copy; three-year subscriptions, mailed singly, \$1.00 in advance.

Photo credits: Front cover photograph by Harold M. Lambert; Southwest Mexican District group photograph submitted by Rev. Ira L. True.

PRAYER REQUESTS

Pray Read carefully Ira True's article, "Our Hope," page 10, and then pray for these promising workers on the Southwest Mexican District.

Pray Read Earl Hunter's article, "Cohoni," on page 11. Pray for this needy town that is ready for the gospel. Uphold the arms of your missionaries in Bolivia, who labor in difficult circumstances to spread the Word of God.

Pray Mrs. Perkinson expresses the necessity of praying for souls who hear about salvation for the first time, souls who have been blinded by false teachings for such a long time that they find it difficult to understand the true way. Read "Poor Jesus," page 12, on your knees.

Junior Society

Christmas Gifts for Boys and Girls of Other Lands

It is hard to think about Christmas so soon, but if we get our money to the Juniors' Own Missionaries in time for them to buy some Christmas gifts for the boys and girls in their churches we must send it very soon.

You remember that every year the boys and girls here share their Christmas joys with the national boys and girls in India, Nicaragua, Puerto Rico, and Cape Verde Islands by sending money to the Juniors' Own Missionaries. Each year these missionaries try to give a tiny gift to every child, for the children of these countries seldom get gifts at Christmas time. Two of the missionaries told me that they divided the money among all the churches of their district, so the one hundred dollars we have sent each of the last two Christmases isn't very much when shared with so many. So do your best. These missionaries do appreciate your help and count on it each year to buy candy and gifts. We need to send it by October.

This money is not counted on the General Budget. It is a special to show our love and gratitude for the birth of Jesus and to share the joy that Christmas brings with all boys and girls.

Send your money to Mr. John Stockton, general treasurer, marked *Specials for Juniors' Christmas Fund*.

ELIZABETH D. HODGES
General Director

(Continued from page 1)

we were that she not only received medical aid but, even before an examination, in the shadow of that building there was given a witness to the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ!

The old man at Stegi on November 12, the elderly woman at Acornhook on November 18, both steeped in heathenism to the point of being extremely difficult to reach, and yet medical missions was gradually driving an entering wedge into the darkened minds and hearts. Who could possibly doubt the value of such work? It was convincing!

The missionary societies of the church will give special study and prayer to the work of medical missions during the month of August. The following table of statistics will furnish the:

Number of hospitals	3
Number of dispensaries	28
Patients treated last year	169,779
Number of missionary doctors	7
Number of missionary nurses	34

It will interest you to know that the General Board voted in 1951 to establish a hospital in British Honduras, Central America. Dr. and Mrs. Quentin Howard of Emmett, Idaho, have been placed under appointment for this task. At the present time, the selection of a suitable location is the burden of the mission council on that field.

Pray for and support the medical missionary work of the church. It is piercing spiritual darkness because the representatives are Christian witnesses. It is relieving some of the world's suffering because the medical missionaries are efficient doctors and nurses. The General Budget promotes this work and supports these workers. Give it your hearty support and thus pierce heathen darkness with gospel light.

The End

SHORTLY before his tragic death, General Gordon, writing from Khartoum, said: "There is not the least doubt that there is an immense virgin field for an apostle to these countries among the black tribes. But where will you find an apostle? A man must give up everything, understand, everything, everything! No half or three-quarter measures will do. He must be dead to the world, have no ties of any sort, and long for death when it may please God to take him. There are few, very few such, and yet what a field." These reflections of this great Christian soldier are just as true today as they were when he uttered them. It is true that something has been done to reap the harvest, but there are still as many in the darkness of heathendom now as there were then. The need is desperate, and the call insistent to hazard all for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ and the gospel.—*Christian Digest*.

MISSIONARY HIGH LIGHTS

STORIES... REPORTS... TESTIMONIES... STATISTICS... FEATURES... PICTURES



Treasures of Darkness

By Frances Vine, Philippine Islands

BEFORE my coming to the mission field, the Lord gave me a promise to take with me. In His promise were these words: "And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places."

Today, I saw with my visible eye His treasures of darkness in the Philippines. They were a group of pagan people called the Igorots. Oh, yes, I had seen them many times before, for our Bible school is located in the area where they live. We see them every day as they pass up and down the road in front of the chapel. Some of them attend our services in our Bible school chapel every Sunday. Many times I have stood and looked over Trinidad valley at their neat little farms and admired these people for their industry, their willingness to work hard, and their steadfastness of character. Often I have thought to myself, These people will make wonderful Christians.

I knew that these were a pagan people but I had never seen their paganism in practice until today. The sight of it has left such a burden upon my heart that I can scarcely think of anything else. Just a short distance down the road from the Bible school a native *canyao* (fiesta) was being celebrated. It was a big occasion costing the family who provided it around six thousand pesos. One of the Bible school students who is a converted Igorot went with me and explained the many strange customs of his people, and of this fiesta.

The celebration of *canyao* takes place only once every two or three years. It includes in its rites the sacrifice of many animals as a religious offering to the dead ancestors of the family sponsoring the fiesta. The family which was giving this particular *canyao* wanted to impress their fellow Igorots with their wealth, so they had killed five animals for the offering—some were

pigs and some were carabao—the native Filipino cattle.

They believe that they must sacrifice their animals in order to feed the spirits of their departed ancestors, and that they must also supply them with clothing. If they do this faithfully, sickness and death will not come to the home. The meat from the sacrificial animals is divided up among the people of neighboring barrios who come to join in the celebration.

In addition to their ancestor worship, the Igorots also worship the sun, moon, and stars.

Antonio pointed out to me some large earthen jugs and told me that they contained rice wine. Many were already drunk from this potent liquor. The *canyao* celebration lasts from two to three days and by that time everyone is in a drunken stupor.

A group of four men and one woman—a priestess, for their religious leaders are all priestesses—were dancing a weird pagan religious dance. Three of the men were playing native instruments. I do not know the names of their instruments, but two at least resembled more than anything else a brass dish. The other was very much like the triangle used in America. The fourth man wore a long strip of material draped around his neck so that it hung down his back.

When an Igorot dies, this same type of sash is used to wrap the body in. The dead body is then placed in a sitting position and a fire built on each side of it to scare the evil spirits away.

The dancing and drinking at a *canyao* go on late into the night. Sometime during the two or three days of the celebration, there is a period of worship in which the priestesses chant to the departed ancestors.

As Antonio and I walked back to the Bible school, Antonio told me of the darkness of his people and how greatly they feared to stop wor-

shipping their ancestors lest the evil spirits trouble them and cause sickness and death of their loved ones.

How deep is their darkness and how blinded their eyes—yet in the eyes of God they are His treasures, the treasures of darkness! I covet these treasures for the Lord.

Even though they have been bound for generations in their pagan beliefs and superstitions, God is able to break the shackles of sin and the chains of paganism. Pray for these people lost in the darkness of superstition and ignorance, that the glorious light of the gospel may penetrate their darkened minds.

Notes from a Missionary's Diary

Missionary: Lorraine O. Schultz

Location: Schmelzenbach Memorial Station

Swaziland, South Africa

Sunday

This morning we had a very good service here at Endingeni. In the main preaching service, our Swazi church choir sang "Amazing Grace." The national pastor brought a stirring message and five Swazi women knelt at the altar at the close of the service. God met with us. Tonight in N.Y.P.S., the boarding girls had charge. They sang two beautiful numbers and gave a lesson on giving God our tithe.

Monday

It poured rain most of the night, and clouds hung low over the mountains today. No one ventured far from the mission. We heard the drone of the Johannesburg-Lourenco Marques plane as it passed over the mission far above the clouds. But as for cars, the roads are practically impassable now. However, we are thankful for the rain here, for much of Swaziland has been suffering from famine.

Tuesday

We began quarterly exams in Standard 7 (ninth grade) today. The students wrote exams in Bible and history. They thought the history examination was very difficult. There are twenty Swazi students in Standard 7 this quarter, and 215 in the primary school here on the station.

Wednesday

This morning we had a Swazi wedding here in our living room. Miss Jester and I sang a Zulu wedding song, after which Miss Jester proceeded with the ceremony.

What a blessed time in our Wednesday afternoon prayer meeting! The building was full—all the school children (235 of them) and many of the church members. Today the people were blessed, and there was great freedom in song and in testimony.

Thursday

This afternoon a snake crawled right into our living room through the screen door. Apparently sensing it was in the wrong place, it turned and crawled back onto the veranda. There was a bit of excitement until it was killed by native teachers.

Friday

This morning Irma Koffel and I left for Bremersdorp in her car with two of our Swazis. We found the White Umbuluzi River high from the rains and very swift. There was no bridge. In midstream, at the swiftest part, the engine stopped dead. Irma worked with the engine and prayed while the rest of us watched and prayed. God wonderfully undertook, protecting us and the car, and faithful natives pushed us on across inch by inch. As we reached the other side, the faithful Swazi woman who was traveling with us began to sing, "All the way along it is Jesus." How conscious we were of His guiding hand!

Saturday

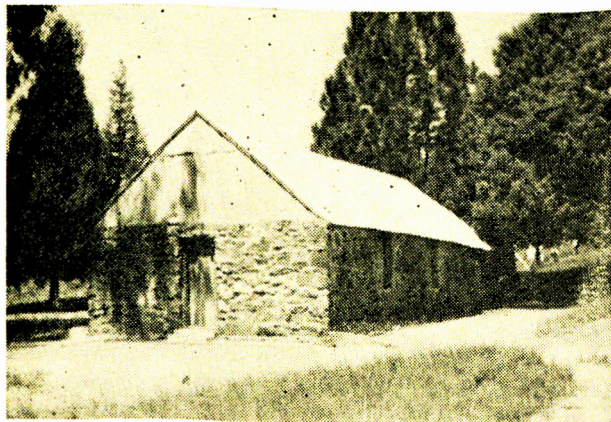
Mail arrived today! We had been several days without it. What joy it was to empty the mailbag and find all kinds of letters—letters from home and loved ones, letters from old friends, and letters from unknown friends! We read each one eagerly. And parcels! What a blessing each one will be to us in the work! Our hearts rejoice as once again we are assured of the prayers and help of our friends at home. How faithful God has been!

Doctor Mason, of Burma, once wanted a teacher to go visit and labor among a warlike tribe. He asked his converted boatman, Shapon, if he would go, and told him that he would have only four rupees a month as a teacher, whereas he was then earning fifteen as a boatman. After praying over the matter he returned to the doctor, and the following conversation ensued: "Well, Shapon," said the doctor, "what have you decided—will you go for four rupees a month?"

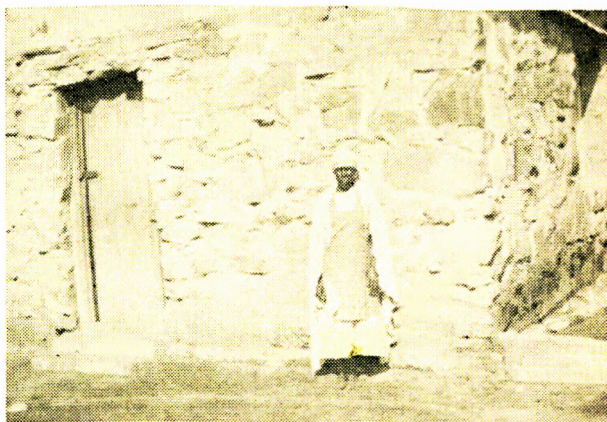
"No, Teacher," replied Shapon, "I will not go for four rupees a month, but I will go for Christ." —*Selected.*

Schmelzenbach Memorial Station

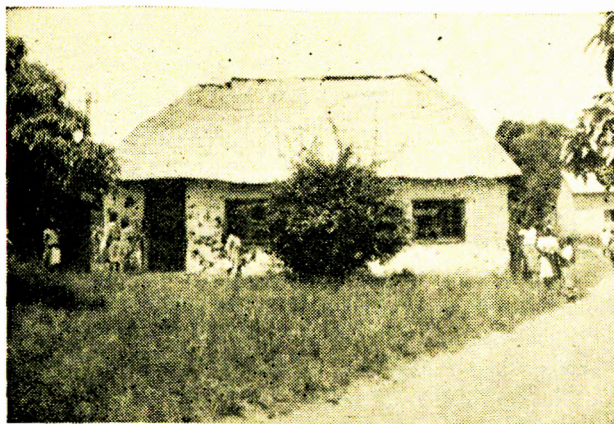
Edingeni, Swaziland



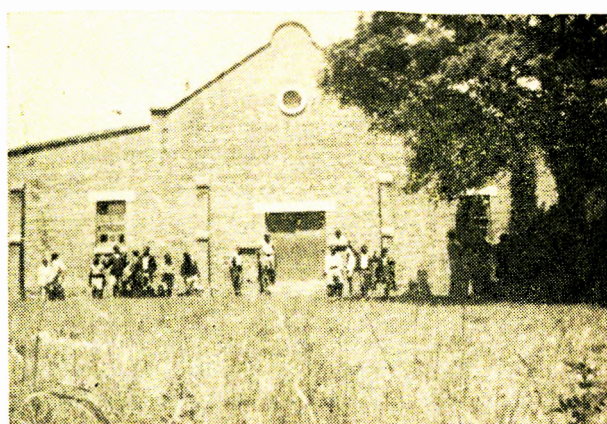
The first Church of the Nazarene in Africa—built by Brother Schmelzenbach. The grass roof has been replaced by tile.



Our first convert standing in front of the first building.



The old mission home at Schmelzenbach Memorial Station.



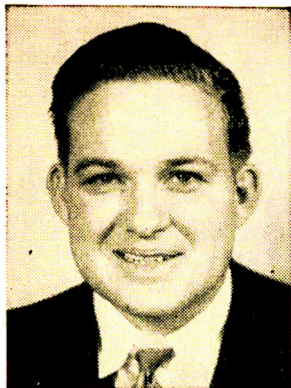
The large tabernacle. It is crowded out completely during camp-meeting time.



A group of faithful Swazi Nazarenes, a number of whom were saved in the early days of our work.



Our Nazarene Swazi teaching staff at this station.



Trinidad Report

By Wesley Harmon

Part I

Our Caribbean Cruise

JULY 19, 1952, shall always remain as an eventful day in my life, for upon this day my wife, my daughter, and I sailed from our beloved homeland for the island of Trinidad, there to serve as missionaries for the Church of the Nazarene. Our ship, the "Alcoa Cavalier," made its way from New Orleans down the muddy Mississippi and then sailed out into the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Among the passengers sailing on the "Cavalier" were oil-field workers going back to their homes in Venezuela; and of course, those who were enjoying their vacation by taking the complete cruise through the Caribbean.

Many of the passengers spent their time drinking and taking part in the festivities offered on board. Several times we were invited to take part with them in their parties, but we would always refuse, giving our testimony for our Saviour. We praise God for an experience of grace that takes the desire for the things of the world from within the heart. By our stand we gained the respect and confidence of many and, of course, the criticism and contempt of others.

The first three days of our ten-day journey we spent sailing on the open sea. Our second night out we rounded the western tip of Cuba and were able to see the light from the lighthouse on the mainland. On the morning of the fourth day we sighted the mysterious land of Haiti. Its high, massive mountains and its rugged shore line blended together with the sea and sky to offer us a beautiful and impressive sight. Finally on the morning of the fifth day we sailed into the Port of Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, and there for the first time in five days we were able to set foot on land.

During our day in Trujillo we were able to see the first church and the first cathedral in the new world. Inside the cathedral we had the opportunity of seeing the tomb of Christopher Columbus and many other ancient Spanish relics. Throughout the city we could see many other ancient churches, most of which were older than any other churches on the North American

continent. It is a shame that, after four hundred years of unrivaled opportunity, the Roman church has failed to establish the kingdom of Christ within the hearts of these people. We could see sin and darkness written on the faces of many as we walked the streets of the city. The benefits that have come to the Dominicans in the past few years have not come through the Roman church but through the democratic policies that stem from the Protestant faith.

The next day we sailed south. This time our ship was headed for Venezuela, and on the morning of the seventh day the towering Andes greeted us as we sailed into the Port of La Guaira, Venezuela. During our day here, most of the passengers took the trip over the mountains to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, but my family and I stayed on board the ship.

Our eighth and ninth days were spent in unloading cargo at Puerto Cabello and La Guanta, Venezuela, and then on the tenth day our ship sailed into the Gulf of Paria and we docked at Tembloradora, Trinidad. As the ship approached the dock we could see Brother Miller with his three daughters waiting to meet us. How God did bless our hearts as we beheld the beautiful island of Trinidad, our new home and our portion in the harvest field! The captain of the "Cavalier" invited us to watch the approach to the harbor from the bridge of the ship, and this point of view made the sight even more impressive. When our ship docked, Brother Miller, our former college professor and dear friend, welcomed us to our new home, and then we set foot on the soil of our beloved Trinidad.

Brother and Sister Miller have done an excellent work during their four years here in Trinidad. The devil has fought very hard and your missionaries have endured much suffering in pressing hard the battle for the Lord. However, in spite of these attacks, a strong work has been established and God is blessing Trinidad. God will continue to bless as long as you remember Trinidad in your prayers. This is a land of sin and darkness.

Part II

First Impressions

A few days after our arrival in Trinidad, I was introduced by Brother Miller to a veteran missionary who is serving here under another mission board. During our conversation he said to me, "Brother Harmon, you should make a note of your first impressions of Trinidad, for after you have been here for some time what you first noticed as being unusual will have become commonplace." So upon his suggestion I am now making note of our first impressions of Trinidad. Allow me to share them with you.

Island of Beauty

The first thing about Trinidad that impressed us is the beauty of the island itself. The captain of the ship on which we sailed to Trinidad said to us while en route, "Trinidad is the high light of our cruise, for it is such a beautiful place." Some of the most beautiful flowers in the world and strange tropical trees are to be found here, as well as breath-taking mountain and jungle landscapes. Trinidad is a tropical paradise as far as its beauty is concerned.

Island of Nations

The cosmopolitan nature of the island has made a tremendous impression on us also. Next to the United States, Trinidad could be called the melting pot of the world, for there are many nationalities to be found here. Two-thirds of the population of the island is made up of the Negro race and of the East Indians, each making up one-third. In the other third, there are Chinese, Portuguese, Venezuelans, French, Canadians, and English. As we walk down the streets of Port of Spain we meet Hindu priests, Moslem women, Chinese merchants, Portuguese shopkeepers, and multitudes of East Indians, Negroes, and mixtures of every sort. Each race of people has its own religion, and thus the religious aspect of the island is also cosmopolitan. The four predominant religions are the Hindu, the Moslem, the Catholic, and the Anglican. We also have a heathen group that practice "Obca," a form of Voodooism, and these people are very superstitious and in complete darkness about the gospel. Veteran missionaries who have served on other fields say that the heathen darkness is as great here as in the other fields that they have served in. Trinidad is truly a land of strange contrasts.

Island of Need

Our third impression is the pitiful need of the people. I have already mentioned a little concerning the spiritual need, and the spiritual poverty is certainly shocking; but these people are in great material and moral poverty as well. The probation office gives the children of Trinidad a modest figure of 54 per cent illegitimacy. The percentage has only recently dropped from as high as 72 per cent. The morals of the people are very corrupt. Their physical need is great also. Already we have been in homes where as high as ten and twelve people live in one ten-by-ten-foot room. We have had many people tell us that they would like to come to church but that they haven't the clothes to wear or the shoes for their feet. We are still shocked to this day over the pitiful need of the people, spiritually, morally, and materially.

Island of Promise

Our final impression, and this has been a true and lasting one, is the wonderful work that God has wrought through Brother and Sister Miller. Trinidad has always been a very hard field because of the different religious elements that are here. But God has honored the ministry and work of the Millers and now today a strong work has been established and the prospects are encouraging. The St. James church, which is our largest church, is having a good year and already we have had as high as 223 in Sunday school and many seeking and finding God at the altar. The thing that keeps us from having larger attendance is that our seating capacity is almost generally full. God has also honored our work here with a fine Nazarene training college in the lovely Santa Cruz valley. At present we have sixteen fine students, all preparing to labor in the Master's vineyard. We have at present five established churches and eight outstations where we have Sunday schools and preaching points.

Our first impressions have been lasting ones. The tremendous need and the preaching of the glorious gospel will never become commonplace in our lives. Please remember Trinidad in your prayers.

DO YOU CARRY YOUR BIBLE?
BIBLE-EMPHASIS YEAR

Our Hope

By Ira L. True, Southwest Mexican District



THIS PICTURE can well be titled "Our Hope."

It is the group of workers on the Southwest Mexican District with Dr. Hugh C. Benner and Rev. H. Reza. The occasion of the picture was the annual assembly held in Tijuana, Mexico. This group has the future of the work in the Southwest in its hands. Thus, in real truth we say that our hope must be placed in this group.

Will they be able to do the job? First, it must be said that this group preach old-fashioned, second-blessing holiness to their churches. All of them believe in the church and its doctrines. They are willing to deny themselves in order that the gospel be preached in all its fullness. They are well trained. Some have finished the preachers' course of study. This they have done at a great cost of effort. Books have been hard to get for the course. While they have studied, they have had to make a living and at the same time establish a church—but they have won out! Three young men in the group have come from our Bible institute at San Antonio, Texas. Others are graduates of the work in Mexico City; and still others, of Pasadena College. Educationally and spiritually they are well prepared for the task.

We should also state that we have some splendid missionaries in this group, a group that is a joy to work with. All they ask for is a place to work. They are manning at present the hardest fields of effort that we have.

The posters on the wall are of special interest. The missionary society had its convention just before the assembly. The center poster is a plea for more work in the Alabaster fund. The poster on the right emphasizes finances in the missionary work. The left-hand poster calls attention to personal work in the society through study and reading.

Pray for this group of workers. They are getting by despite many needs, but do this joyfully with the interest of the cause of Christ in their hearts. Revivals are the heart cry of the group when one hears them praying. Together with God our whole hope lies in this group.

Heathen Devotion

A woman in India stood by a heathen temple that was in process of construction. A missionary asked her the cost of the building. She looked at her questioner in surprise and answered, "Why, we don't know. It is for our god. We don't count the cost."

—Gospel Herald

THE OTHER SHEEP



Cohoni

By Earl D. Hunter, Bolivia

H E WHO HAD the vision and stamina to take the gospel to Cohoni must have interpreted very literally the command to take it to the uttermost part of the earth. I am still alive after my visit there last week end. I must tell you about Cohoni.

The only roads leading to Cohoni are strictly for donkeys and llamas. To go there, one has the elective of traveling the high road by car and then walking down to the town, or traveling the river-bed road and then climbing up to the town. It is situated on a steep mountainside about midway between the foot of majestic old Mt. Illamani and the bed of a river that falls out of Bolivia.

I CHOSE the low road and for three hours clattered down the sometimes dry river bed from La Paz in the mission jeep. Geology is out on display there. Most rock strata stand up perpendicular to the earth's surface. The little that is not rock is badly eroded, leaving perhaps the most horrible gorge that has ever been cut in the face of the earth. The canyon walls are fantastic in shape and size. Rounded river gravel may be as large as your cookstove. The whole thing beggared description. A few farms are hung on the hillsides. The first hour down gets one low enough to see apple and pear trees. Another hour down warms the climate enough for grapes and citrus fruits. And the third hour brings one to sugar cane and uncomfortable tropical heat. Yet as one rounds a bend in the river, old Illamani looms up so clearly on the horizon that one wonders if the massive glaciers hanging up there could slide right into this river.

W E LEFT the jeep at a plantation and ate a hearty lunch—not so much from hunger as from the knowledge of the hike ahead. A good missionary advised us once to carry nothing but a blanket and a toothpick. I wished that even these were lighter. The natives declare that they can climb to Cohoni in three hours. I should like to see Marathon runners on this trail! There is not a downhill step the whole way. Back and forth and round and round one

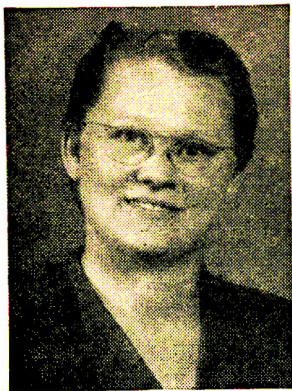
goes, sliding in the dust and gravel. The heat of the tropical sun requires one to rest frequently at first. Then after adding a few thousand feet of altitude one's lungs prove to be too small and one's heart starts knocking. That demands more rest. With fully an hour left to climb, I felt my right leg begin to creak and I could not straighten it for the rest of the journey. The blanket I carried was like a mattress; my camera felt as big as a suitcase. I seemed to be nearing eighty years of age when I arrived in Cohoni.

To my surprise the pastor at Cohoni came in with a wedding party. I preached an appropriate wedding message. Then in the light of three candles the believers sang hymns and preached and testified far into the night. The next morning we read the marriage ceremony at the beginning of the devotional service.

I had gone there to initiate the use of tithing envelopes. Twenty-three believers pledged to tithe faithfully. On the entire district we now have about 370 tithers.

O UR GOOD congregation in Cohoni has had a long struggle. There has been fanatical resistance. Property was hard to secure. It was next to impossible, as well as costly, to get building materials to them. But at last their chapel is in use. It lacks a lot of being finished, but the brethren are happy and encouraged. The pastor and people have done the work while the mission has furnished the materials. Our people have grown in grace during their tribulations. Soon they will furnish their church building, part of which will be used as a day school. We have about thirty students in the day school that is now at Cohoni. On my next trip to Cohoni we plan to organize the church with over twenty charter members. At the same time we plan to have the first opening of the Alabaster boxes.

There are over 15,000 missionaries serving under auspices of American and Canadian mission boards, according to a recent survey. The report showed that this figure is an all-time high, comparing well with the 11,151 missionaries in 1936 and 13,555 in 1925.—*Pilgrim Holiness Advocate*.



"Poor Jesus!"

*By Mrs. Oather Perkinson, Argentina**

EVEN the knock on the door bespoke the urgency of the call. We had seen the lady only twice before but had given her a Gospel and spoken to her about Christ.

"You said that I might come to your home," came the words tumbling from her lips as though she sought to justify her presence.

"Surely, surely," I replied. "What is it?"

"Oh, I'm so needy!" she cried nervously.

Her appearance announced the fact financially, but she spoke only lightly of that need as she hurried on to something more important. She told of the great sorrow and sin in her life, and again the facial expression bore testimony to the truthfulness of her words. To listen to the story was to know the remedy. Only Jesus could heal such a torn life. The wounds of sin were deep.

"I've asked God to give me just this one thing, but He won't hear me. I've asked the saints too. Is that all right?" she continued.

As she listened to Bible examples of Christ pardoning and transforming such as she, her comment was, "How divine!" (This expression is often used to speak of a new dress, a pretty flower, or any other beautiful object.)

That the truth had not penetrated was evident; so, praying for the Holy Spirit to dispel the darkness that seemed dense beyond dispelling. I repeated to her the blessed story of Calvary. "Poor Jesus! Poor Jesus!" she commented. And "Poor Jesus!" seemed to be as deep as I could move her. But I was not alone. Another was carrying the message deep into her soul.

Suddenly as though frightened by the thought, she exclaimed, "Do you mean that Jesus could perform a miracle in ME? He could transform MY life? Transform ME?" The darkness had been dispelled! The light had dawned! How my heart rejoiced in the faithfulness of the Holy Spirit!

"Let me go; let me go and *think* about it," she stammered. After prayer and more encouragement to accept Christ, she went. She left running, for it was almost noon and if the meal was not prepared she was sure to be beaten.

Watching her go, we prayed for her soon return to accept Christ. Will you join with us in prayer for this lost soul in Uruguay who is but an example of the many, many more living a hopelessly miserable life because they do not know the power of Christ to make them whole?

*Serving in Montevideo, Uruguay

Africa, O Africa!

Africa, O Africa!

God loves you.

The tom-toms beat out their eerie sound.

The hoot owl in the distances makes his moan.

Within the shabby, unenlightened hut

The sounds of revelry, of drunkenness and sin,

The horror indescribable—

That man would bow his head in shame,

That human rights should thus be so degraded;

The moaning of the sick and the bewitched

By powers and principalities unknown,

Demoniacal witch doctors, death's danger in their food.

In league with Satan's spirits, yes, not of flesh and blood.

There's darkness, darkness, darkness—

Everywhere and unsubdued.

How can one help but cry, O Africa!

Africa, O Africa!

God loves you.

—BY RUTH CONSTANCE MILLER*

*Daughter of Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Miller, Trinidad

MEET YOUR MISSIONARIES.....

The Alstotts

Haiti



I CHARLES ALSTOTT, was born on June 15, 1927, in the city of Joliet, Illinois. My boyhood life until the age of sixteen was spent far away from God, but while visiting relatives in Kentucky in 1943 I attended a service at the "meetinghouse." Although I remember nothing of what the speaker said that night,

it was then that God started dealing with me concerning my sins. After returning home, God made me realize the awfulness of sin as never before. Holy Ghost conviction gripped my heart even though I was not aware of this fact at that time. I returned to my home in Illinois but God continued dealing with me.

Finally, after a few weeks of providential happenings, I determined that the next Sunday morning I was going to attend Sunday school. Although I generally went bowling on Sunday morning with my father and friends, I left them that morning to go to Sunday school. None of my relatives encouraged me to do so nor any church member, but my going was under the inspiration of the blessed Holy Spirit. After Sunday school I decided to stay for the morning worship service. Meeting some of the good Christian people, I was invited to come back the following Sunday. A great interest and hunger for spiritual things was created in my heart. After a few Sundays of listening to the Word of God, the light came into my soul, and I knelt at the old-fashioned altar and prayed through to victory. It was then that God called me to preach. The next year, 1944, I was sanctified under the ministry of Dr. R. V. Starr.

Entering the United States Navy in 1945, I had the opportunity of visiting China. A few months after this God definitely called me as a missionary. This call was as real to me as my conversion, and I have never doubted that call to this present day. I entered Olivet College after my discharge from the navy and graduated



IT IS A LONG WAY from the cotton fields in Missouri to the mission field in Haiti, but the Lord has led me all the way. As a young girl in 1939, I became interested in salvation (as well as my entire family) through the influence of Rev. C. F. Transue, then pastor of the Nazarene church in Sikeston, Missouri. He

had been asked by some Nazarene farmer friend of ours to call on us and pray for my brother, who had a broken leg. Within one year after that we all were saved, sanctified, and had joined the church.

About two years later I felt definitely called to work for the Lord on some mission field. Several months and many trying experiences passed before I fully promised the Lord that I would mind Him regardless of where He told me to go.

I decided to attend Olivet College for at least one year. After spending three years there, prior to entering nurse's training, I was more than ever convinced of my call. There I became fully rooted and grounded in holiness and in the Church of the Nazarene.

Shortly after my graduation, one of Olivet's finest young men became my husband, and while he pastored one of our Nazarene churches in Decatur, Illinois, I worked in one of the large hospitals. There I learned many things that have already helped me in the beginning of our medical work in Haiti.

In December, 1951, God blessed our home with a precious little boy, James Daniel. The Lord has kept him in good health. He is a daily blessing to our home.

in 1950. After two years as pastor of the East Side Church of the Nazarene in Decatur, Illinois, my wife, Alberta, and I were appointed as missionaries to Haiti.

The N.F.M.S.

Edited by Miss Mary L. Scott, General Secretary, 2923 Troost Avenue, Box 527, Kansas City 41, Missouri

GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES



Mrs. A d a Bresee, one of the greatest w o m e n our church has ever k n o w n, was honored in the Los A n g e l e s Missionary Convention on February 13 in the G l e n d a l e Church of the Nazarene.

Mrs. Bresee was founder of our missionary box work. It was begun in 1913. From the day of its beginning until her home-going in 1946 she served as general box secretary. She sent many hundreds of boxes to our workers in foreign lands. Eternity alone will reveal all the joy and blessing those parcels brought into the pioneer missionary home. Nazarene foreign missions would be crippled for life without box work. Our schools, our dispensaries, our leper colonies, our orphan homes, and our mission homes live out of missionary boxes and parcels.

The name of Ada Bresee and missionary boxes will ever be inseparable in the hearts and minds of scores of Nazarene foreign missionaries of the earlier days.

Another thing for which Mrs. Ada Bresee was famous was her long, newsy missionary letters. She was an efficient and accurate secretary and sent envelopes bursting with big type-written pages, covered on both sides with interesting bits of news that the missionaries devoured.

In the Glendale convention a number of different missionaries and friends participated in the program honoring the memory of this wonderful woman. Then Mrs. A. E. Sanner, district president, presented to Mrs. John Moore, N.F.M.S. president, and to Dr. M. Kimber Moulton, pastor of the Los Angeles First Church, a beautiful bronze plaque in memory of Mrs. Ada Bresee. This plaque will be hung on the walls of the Los Angeles First Church, where Sister Bresee held her church membership.

SEPTEMBER EMPHASIS

Membership and Relief and Retirement

If you are looking for a short program to emphasize membership, you will find one in the July-August-September *Council Tidings*, page 4. There is no magic way, however, to enlist members—there is no Pied Piper of Hamelin to entice people to join the missionary society. It will take prayer, planning, and work.

Plan well ahead of time. In consultation with your pastor, set a day to be known as membership day. Use your local church bulletin to explain what membership in the missionary society involves—privileges as well as responsibilities. Then on the day set, invite every church member who is not a member of the missionary society to become an active member, others who are interested to become associate members. Make the day a real success.

Follow suggestions in the *N.F.M.S. Handbook*, pages 41-42.

Relief and Retirement

See page 4 of the July-August-September *Council Tidings* for information regarding this emphasis. Be sure to read the information in the new *N.F.M.S. Handbook*, pages 43-44, regarding Relief and Retirement and Memorial Roll. Last year the missionary society was able to turn over to the Department of Foreign Missions \$10,000.00 for retired missionaries and \$7,500.00 for medical aid for both active and retired missionaries. Your contribution of twenty cents per year per active member or the placing of a name on the memorial roll (\$25.-00) has made this possible. Thank you.

MEN AND THE N.F.M.S.

Seward, Alaska

"Thank the Lord for the enlarging of the borders of W.F.M.S. to N.F.M.S. The men are feeling their obligation to foreign missions in a greater sense than ever before. Interest in monthly meetings has increased tremendously . . . offerings have picked up considerably . . . The men are reading the missionary reading course books and are contributing much to the missionary meetings."—From February *Alaska Nazarene*.

QUESTION BOX

QUESTION—Can a person be an active member of the missionary society and not pay dues?

ANSWER—Yes. Active membership is not contingent solely upon the payment of dues. Of course, every active member is expected and urged to pay dues, either individually or as a group, but failure to do so does not mean the name is to be dropped from the membership list.

MEN JOIN THE BANDAGE BRIGADE



At the November meeting of the Nashville Bethel N.F.M.S. the men joined forces with the ladies in rolling bandages for box work. The men measured the material and tore it into

strips while the ladies sewed the strips together for the proper length; then both groups shared the task of rolling the strips.

One elderly gentleman, eighty-seven years old, helped to roll the bandages.

The work was scarcely under way when two of the younger men disappeared from the scene. The lifted eyebrows of at least one spouse intimated that she suspected the task was distasteful to her better half, but in a short time the young men thoroughly vindicated themselves. They returned enthusiastically to the room bearing a jointly invented gadget for rolling bandages which performed with speed and efficiency. To be sure, the first time they used it the bandages rolled onto the gadget so forcefully they had to be torn apart to remove them, but the resourceful young men soon ironed out the "bugs" from their invention and in a few minutes were rolling bandages faster than the women could sew them together. In less than an hour, the Bethel N.F.M.S. had thirty-nine rolls of bandages made.

The men of Nashville Bethel Church of the Nazarene are enthusiastically missionary-minded. Not only do they make and roll bandages, but they also take part in the devotional programs of the missionary society, read the Reading Course books, and contribute generously to the missionary offerings.

AGNES BROWN,
President N.F.M.S.
Nashville Bethel
Church of the Nazarene

A SUGGESTION TO LOCAL PRESIDENTS



Your pastor should have a copy of the new N.F.M.S. Handbook. We suggest that each local society present the pastor with a copy.

The Handbooks are now ready. Order direct from: The Nazarene Publishing

House, 2923 Troost Avenue, Box 527, Kansas City 41, Missouri; price, 20 cents. Please enclose your remittance with your order.

DISTRICT CONVENTION BRIEFS

Northwest—May 5

What a convention it was! So few of our people had been able to attend the General Convention last June that we used the theme presented there. Large lifesavers, representing the different phases of our work, were connected by long white ropes to a huge sign which read, "Holding the Ropes."

Miss Lois Santo, saintly young outgoing missionary, inspired our hearts with her testimony. Rev. and Mrs. Prescott Beals, whom the Northwest District loves, encouraged and blessed us.

As the local presidents reported, they omitted statistics but told of interesting work done. The reports of the district officers were given as a group, correlating the work of all departments and telling it in story form.

The N.F.M.S. of Spokane Bethel Church presented a skit which stirred the listeners to do "Just a Little Bit More."

We were privileged to have Miss Estella MacDonald, missionary from Africa, as our convention speaker. God has given her a very special gift

of winning the hearts of her listeners. She challenged and lifted our spirits.

Mrs. Eugene Weber was re-elected as district president with a very fine vote.

MRS. TOM LITTLE
Superintendent of Publicity

Idaho-Oregon—May 11-12

The Idaho-Oregon District has just closed its first convention as the N.F.M.S. (there were some men delegates), at the College Church of the Nazarene, Nampa, Idaho, May 11 and 12, with Mrs. Carl J. Kinzler, district president, in charge. Mrs. Robert Jackson was elected as our new district president for the coming year. Rev. Honorato Reza, Spanish publications editor from Headquarters, was our guest speaker and thrilled his audience time and again with his unctonized messages. Our district superintendent, Rev. I. F. Younger, was also a great inspiration to the convention. The afterglow will long remain with us.

MRS. L. R. STURTEVANT
Supt. of Publicity

Abilene—May 12

The Annual Convention of the Abilene District N.F.M.S. was held at Wichita Falls, Texas, May 12, 1953, under the leadership of Mrs. Orville Jenkins, district president. The theme, "Open NOW the Doors," was graphically presented by the use of life-size doors set up on the platform. These doors represented Work, Finance, Education, and Prayer and Fasting. As each theme was presented, a panel in the proper door was removed and the speaker stood behind the opening. The Prayer and Fasting League gave its report in the form of a prayer. Dr. Remiss Rehfeldt, general foreign missions secretary, was our guest speaker, and we were all challenged to "live by giving." Mrs. Orville Jenkins was re-elected district president by an overwhelming majority.

MRS. HUGH DEAN
Reporter

Oregon Pacific—May 18-19

The Annual Missionary Convention of the Oregon Pacific District opened at Medford, Oregon, on Monday afternoon, May 18. The theme, "Behold These Hands," was carried out very effectively in background decorations and music. Outstanding devotionals to inspire and provoke thought were presented by Miss Mary Scott and Mrs. Mildred Wynkoop. It was a real privilege to have Miss Mary Scott as our convention speaker and to conduct a "Mechanics of Missions" ques-

tion-and-answer period, which proved beneficial to the convention. Mrs. Gordon Olsen was re-elected to the presidency with a wonderful vote of confidence by the convention. The climax of the convention was the address on Tuesday evening by our senior general superintendent, Dr. Hardy C. Powers.

REV. WALTER I. WATSON
Reporter

Florida—May 18-19

On Monday evening, May 18, 1953, the annual convention of the Florida District N.F.M.S. opened at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, with a great service.

District Superintendent John L. Knight opened the service, and after singing and prayer the meeting was turned over to our district president, Mrs. Julia Eby. Mrs. Earle Vennum was in charge of the presentation of the convention theme, "Holding the Ropes."

Each council member reported for the rope she had held during the year. It was a service long to be remembered. At the conclusion of this part of the service, Rev. Earl Lee, our missionary from India, was introduced and gave us a great and challenging message on "Healing in Missions."

Mrs. Julia Eby was re-elected district president of the N.F.M.S.

Respectfully submitted,
MYRTLE W. TRIPP
Superintendent of Publicity

Have you taken your offering for the Spanish broadcast? If not, plan to present this challenge this month. It's not too late to send your contribution.

ALABASTER CORNER

We are very thrilled to have our Alabaster money. Finally cement has been delivered for the Maternity Unit, and the Children's Ward (money voted) will be in the same structure adjacent to this. The building is up to floor level and we hope to get the blocks made and walls erected during the rains.

I only wish you could see our set-up. You would be pleased, I'm sure. We have a long-range plan for our hospital. It is to be a compact and workable unit from the nursing standpoint.

Please thank the women (and men now) who are filling those Alabaster boxes day by day.

DR. ORPHA SPEICHER, India

SEPTEMBER IS ALABASTER BOX OPENING MONTH



Boys' and Girls' Page

HELLO AGAIN, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Last month we started a story about little Donnie Ault, down in British Guiana. Now we will go on with that story.

Before Donnie's mother was in the hospital, he went with his parents on a long missionary trip, up the east coast of British Guiana. On Sunday they went to a village called Bloomfield, where the people are East Indians. That is, their ancestors came from India, and they still worship as the Indian people do. There isn't a church in the village, but there is a Hindu temple. But there is a shopkeeper who has been permitting our workers to hold Christian meetings in his shop. In fact, he acts as sort of mayor in the town. This man hurried out and gathered all the children he could find, and brought them with their parents to his shop. Soon the place

was crowded. They sang choruses and Mrs. Ault gave a flannelgraph lesson, and Mr. Ault told them about Jesus Christ.

At the next place the visitors had to wait *under the house* until the people came. I know you think I made a mistake, but they really did wait *under* the house. You see, in some of the villages the houses are built up on stilts, or that is what they look like, and the animals run about under the house. The people do a lot of things down on the ground floor too. That is where they held the meetings in that village. So you see that Donnie had an interesting trip with his parents. Do pray for all these people who need the gospel so much, and for Donnie and his parents as they work so hard to help them.

Lots of love from your Big Sister,
MARY E. COVE

ABOUT THE PICTURES



Our missionaries, Brother and Sister Bennett, sent these interesting pictures from Japan. The two children live on a street in Sangenjaya, the part of Tokyo where the Hellings (our missionaries) work. Mr. Bennett said, "Probably these children have never heard the story of Jesus."



This group picture shows just a tiny part of the Sunday school at our Nakano church. Baby Philip Bennett is held in the arms of Mrs. Kida, our Japanese organist and the wife of one of our workers.



This picture shows a fireman doing acrobatic stunts on the top of a ladder, high up in the air. This is part of a New Year's celebration, and it is supposed to bring good luck.

1. NARRATOR AND SPEAKER

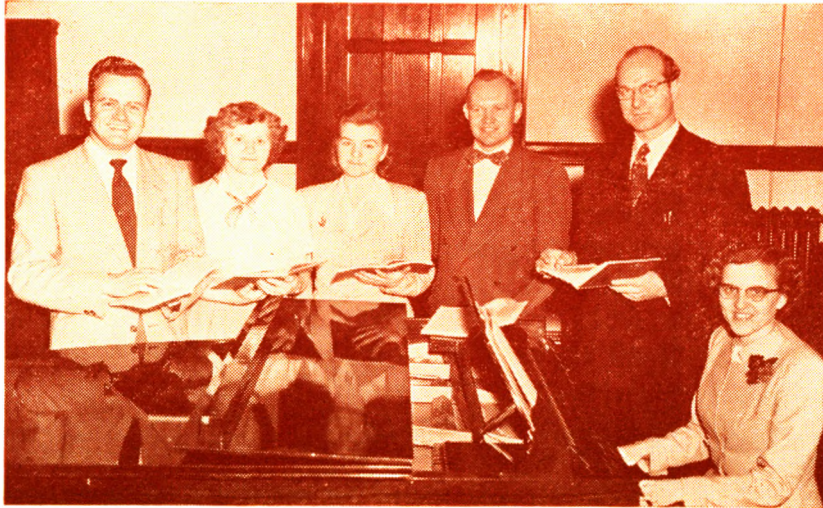


"Showers of Blessing"
Spanish Department

("La Hora Nazarena" –

"The Nazarene Hour")

2. QUARTET, MUSIC DIRECTOR, AND PIANIST



3. WORKERS BEHIND THE SCENES

Directory of Workers

Narrator Moises Castillo, Puerto Rico
Speaker Honorato Reza, Mexico
Quartet:
 Tenor Gerald Berglund
 Soprano Reba Eshleman
 Alto Evangeline Deale
 Bass Paul Helm
Director and Soloist Ray H. Moore
Pianist Jean Parker
Producer S. N. Whitcanack
Recording Engineer Thomas Jackson



August, 1953

Forwarding & Return
Postage Pledged
THE OTHER SHEEP
Box 527
Kansas City 41, Missouri

Harvest and Judgment Day

Across the rolling fields of gold
The harvesters cut wheat or hay.
Down the rutted country lanes
They plod toward the Judgment Day.

Along the white-capped coral coasts
The fishermen ply the sea;
And as they sail toward bayside homes,
They sail toward eternity.

Whether men pick in harvest fields
Or sell in a town's narrow street,
The day draws nigh when all shall kneel
Before the Judge's feet.

How shall souls who know not Christ
Kneel down without shame or fear,
When we who hold the torch of truth
Light not the path so near?

Nazarenes, Nazarenes, go, tell the lost
That Christ can save from all sin,
That He delivers from fear without
And makes His abode within!

-Lyle Prescott, Cuba

